

Issue of March 3, 1917

An Interview With Von Tirpitz

By Osiris Cob

"What fools these mortals be!"

Rodney Thompson



Die Erinnerungen eines alten Musikers

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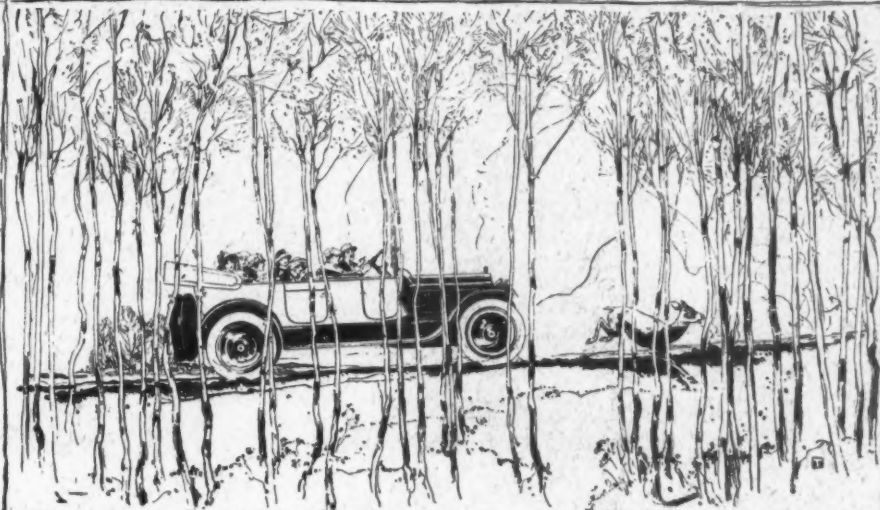
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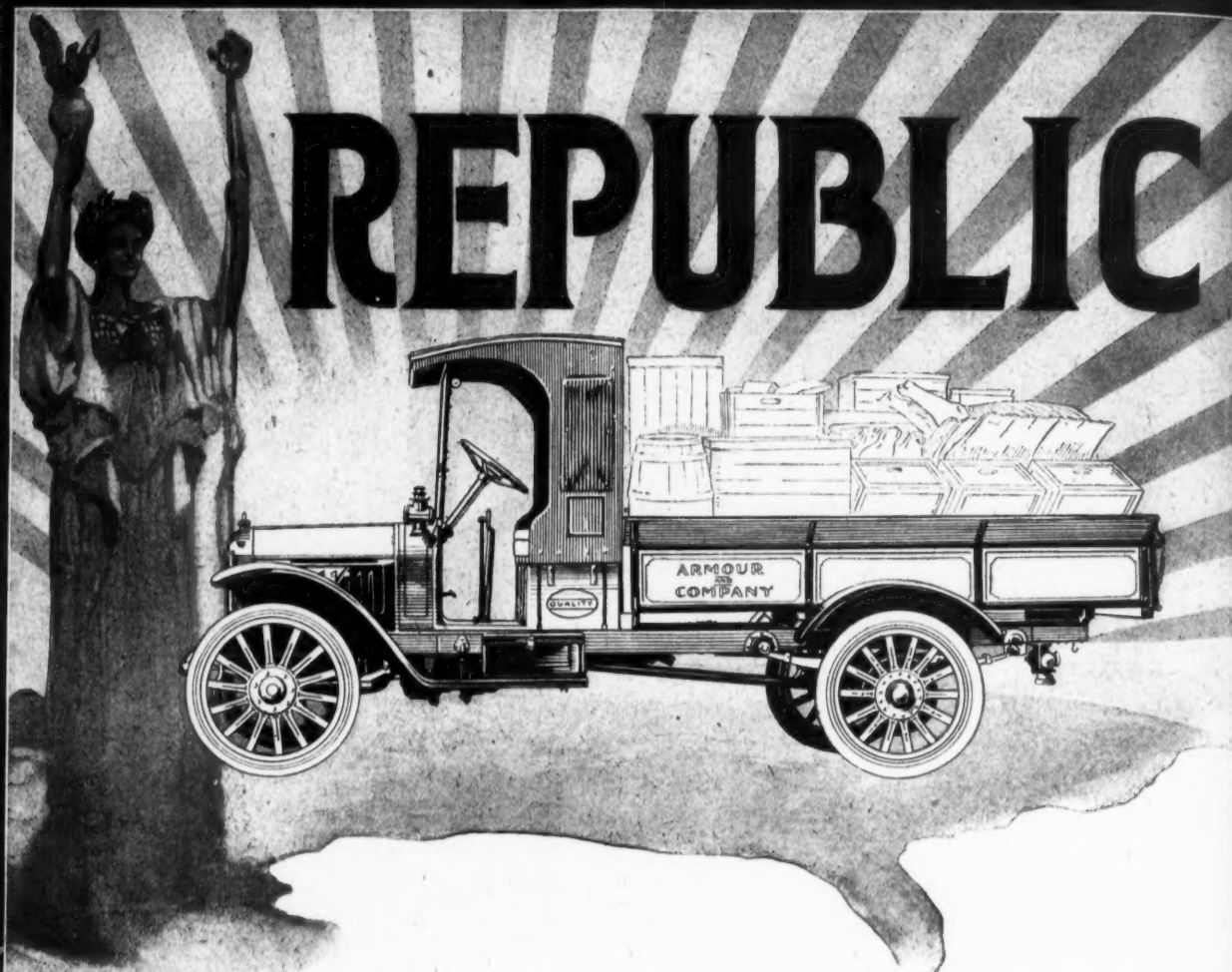
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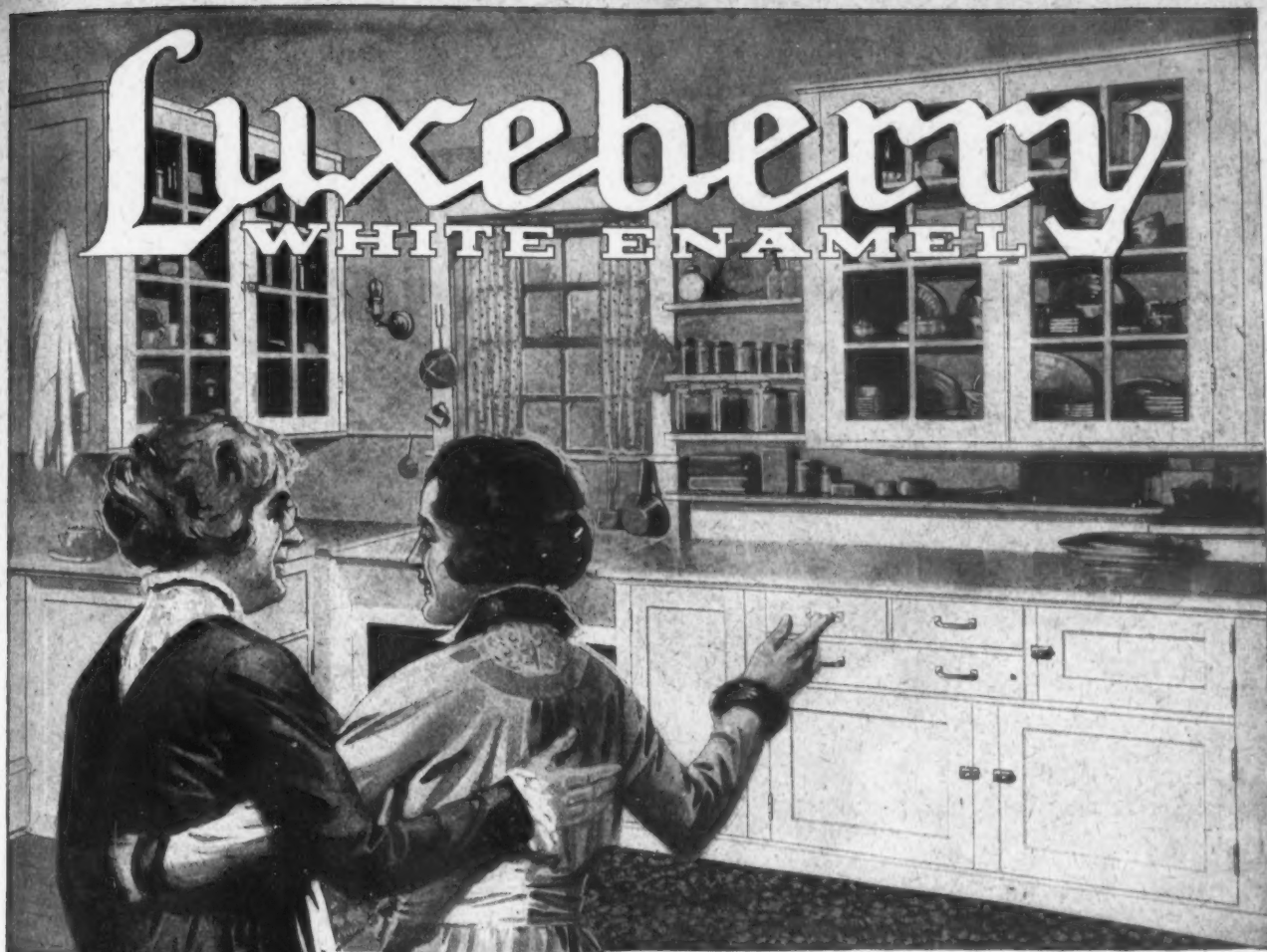


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Contents: March 3, 1917

COVER DESIGN, by Rodney Thomson	
IN HIS ELEMENT (Cartoon)	8
By Julian Hess	
VON TIRPITZ, TERROR OF THE SEAS.....	9
Interviewed by Osiris Cob	
GRINAGRAMS	10
PUCKLINGS	10
NEWS IN RIME	11
Verses by Berton Braley; Illustrations by Merle Johnson	
THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE	12
By Samuel Hoffenstein	
PLAYS AND PLAYERS	13
By Alan Dale	

EDITORIAL	14
A TITANIC GAME (Cartoon)	15
By C. R. Macauley	
AT THE COSTUME-DANCE	16
By Ralph Barton	
FASHION IN THE WORLD OF THOUGHT....	17
By Louis Weinberg	
The New Nationalism	
THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY....	17
By Harry J. Westerman	
DON'T WORRY	18
By Kenneth L. Roberts	
A MUSICAL ATTRACTION	18

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN ADDRESSING THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN 1856...20, 21	
Drawn by Rodney Thomson	
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA	22
VII. The Brains of the Confederacy	
THE SOLDIER OF THE SHOPS (Poem).....	26
By John G. Gartland	
THE THIRD PARTY IN PATHOS	28
PUZZLING PRAYERS (Poem)	30
By Arthur Brooks Baker	
IN EVERY KEY	35
By Benjamin de Casseres	
"BUBBLE, BUBBLE"	36
By Elias Lieberman	
Examinations	



Fiction

— Drawn by R. Van Buren



In His Element

— Drawn by Julian Hess

Von Tirpitz, Terror of the Seas

Interview by Osiris Cob

How did I ever get on that U-boat down there in the Mediterranean? I do not quite know. It was like a dream.

I sailed from Santander, Spain, to Marseilles, one day last Summer in El Dia. The usual thing happened.

First we saw the periscope bobbing around in the distance. Then several shots across our bow. We knew that was the slogan of Kultur.

That stupid Spanish commander tried to get away instead of laying to and inviting the descendants of Goethe into his private cabin. But the Catalanian rascal had contraband on board—was it cheese or wheat or shaving soap? I do not know.

Some of us went down to coraline graves, a few gave up the ghost through sheer fright, some were blown to molecular prisms. I was dragged out of the water by a German sailor and shoved into the hold of the submarine.

I was taken into the captain's room, dried out and questioned. Being an American, they paid little attention to me. But I was nearly startled out of my skin to see sitting in a corner of the room a well known personage—no less a being than Admiral von Tirpitz, Grand Commander of Sharks and Janitor of the Atlantic Ocean.

A mythical looking beast under that dim light. A tremendous head buried in pain—like the descriptions of Shagpot in George Meredith's great book which nobody reads. Ah! if Richard Wagner could have seen this ogre of hair, this giant out of a story-book, this Rhine-man.

I thought of Alberich, Fasolt and Fafner—and Bluebeard. His eyes were spun reveries. They were like two placid pools in a wild and savage forest. His lips bled smiles—uncanny, cynical flickers.

On the whole, this left-over piece of the Vandal Soul struck me as being something unreal, a gargoyle dug up from old Thibet and stuck on the fabric of the twentieth century. I was in the presence of one of the cathedrals of modern materialism.

"Admiral," I began—how could I lose a chance like that!—with that "cheek" that has made America famous and that constitutes part of our culture, "I am a submarined American correspondent. Can you tell me why you are here?"

"A little vacation, sir," he began. His voice sounded like the ticking of a thousand invisible watches—mechanical, monotonous, schoolboyish. "I am a practical man, and like to see how things are going on downstairs. You cannot run a war like this on theory. His Majesty discovered that at the Marne; but in my work there will be no Marne.

"I seldom plan. I act. If I am deposed because of my so called brutal methods they will call me back to power. I am Modern

Germany. The day of civilized warfare has passed. We will never make the mistake again that Bismarck made of observing treaties and international rights—treaties and rights—Spaaa!"

And the Gargoyle spat on the opposite wall with the venom of a serpent.

"You Americans," continued the Great Collector of Merchantmen, "give me—what do you call it in Hoboken?—oh, a pain. You Americans give me a pain. When I ordered the Lusitania sunk do you think I ought to have used megaphones to warn you and sent the Emperor's private yacht to take you all off and land you near the Ritz for dinner?"

"I never thought of what you call the 'right' and 'wrong' of the matter. That's civilized talk, and I am Force, which stands behind civilization; I act through the Primal Will."

"And the women and the children, Admiral?" I inquired gingerly.

With a wave of the hand he brushed my words away as though he were dusting cobwebs from a coffee pot. He looked at me out of his two placid pools as though women and children were by-products. Still, I have no doubt that this man was a good father and a loving husband—and all the rest of the paraphernalia that goes with them.

He lit a long pipe and blew great blasts around the room. In the smoke he no doubt saw German submarines floating triumphantly up the Amazon, the Hudson and the Grand Canal of Venice.

Song of the U-Boat

I am blind of heart,
I am blind of soul;
But I creep like life
To a destined goal.
Through the nether sweep
Of the crafty deep
I forge my way,—
No ripple above
My course to betray.
I am charged with death,
I am charged with hate;
And oh for the ship
In my line of fate!
Her timbers rock
To the thud and shock;
She sinks below:
My masterpiece
Of red, red woe!
When Death will yield
To Love and Life,
When the Law of God
Will banish Strife,
I shall haunt the sea
Like an unpurged sin
But the fish will stare
At me—and grin.

Elias Lieberman

"In America," I said, "we look on you as the Devil incarnate. You are not offended at my saying so?"

"Not in the least," replied the great Chef to the Sharks. "Rather like it. If you believe that I have revived the lost art of diabolism—well, so be it. I'm afraid my Kultur is so thick that your American reasonings and scruples will never penetrate my hide."

And he let out a laugh that sounded like a thunderclap in hell. It petered out into diadems of ice that nearly froze my lightly sensitized spine.

Then he looked at me, and a tiny twinkle came into those two placid pools.

"Ah," he said, "you are now going to tell me that the 'moral sense of humanity is being shocked.' Your pet chant. I should define what you Americans call a 'moral sense' as a vivid feeling that some one else is getting the better of you, and you might get licked if you go at him. Hein?"

"Do you remember how England used up all the handkerchiefs in the Empire weeping over Miss Cavell and then calmly burnt Sir Roger Casement in quicklime? Hein?" And he put his thumb in his pipe with a jab as though he were crushing the Grand Fleet.

"All this, Admiral, is specious," I retorted. "You cannot justify one crime by quoting another."

"Copybook stuff, my boy," he said, aiming his words right at me. "You sit there, the Twentieth Century, talking to me, who am of no century. I will outline Ghengis Khan—at least I hope so. When my party gets back into the saddle at Berlin we shall begin a piratical campaign against the entire merchant fleet of the world. I will sink you all like rats if you don't keep out of the war zone."

"And that war zone. Where will it be?"
"Wherever there is water and land."

"And the neutrals, Admiral? When you decree the blockade of the planet, what become of the rights of neutrals, especially those of America?"

"There are no rights; there are only duties. My duty is to destroy whatever floats that opposes the German Empire. If you believe America has any rights, tell her to fight for them."

Just then a terrific explosion shook the waters.

It was the swan song of the Ancona.

The Admiral ordered me put in one of her life boats.

He stood on the bridge and waved me adieu. Silhouetted against the blue, his hair floating in the wind, he looked like Caliban who hadn't the slightest fear of Setebos.

When will the world get beyond the von Tirpitzes? When the octopus coos and the viper warbles.

Grinagrams

The situation has developed the "war at any price" man,

With Henry Ford turning out submarines, and turning 'em out by thousands, it may be to Davy Jones' advantage to change his celebrated locker into a service-station.

After this war is over, no man will waste time in seeking treasure ships sunk by eighteenth century pirates. There will be available a profusion of treasure ships sunk by twentieth century civilization.

By the way, apropos of nothing in particular, of what British Regiment is the Kaiser the Honorary Colonel? These details escape one when the mind is busy with graver concerns.

If you would pass in perfect security through the latest German danger zone, take passage on a barber-pole. It is painted just right; red and white stripes.

It was considerate of Berlin not to insist that all American sailors be dressed like Uncle Sam. A false beard and a broad-brimmed high hat would be hard to keep in place in heavy weather.

Beautiful satin-covered shield candy boxes decorated in true National colors, filled with choicest assorted chocolates.

— A local advertisement.

And yet there are people who speak of our unpreparedness!

"Uncle Sam is becoming less and less like a real man and more like a perfect lady."

— Rear Admiral Fiske.

Which tends to confirm the conviction of many that Uncle Sam's "place is in the home" and not on foreign battlefields.

Is it too late for Theodore to condemn the United States, and to call it a molly-coddle nation, because it didn't get into war with France in 1798?

The Chinese government has advised the German government that China will break off diplomatic relations if the new submarine measures are pursued.

— Peking cable.

Is this China's return to Colonel Roosevelt for all the publicity he has given it? Is this "Chinafication?" Shame!

QUOTH GENERAL WOOD: "Democracy, if it means anything, means equality of obligation as well as equality of opportunity?" Fine! And let it sink into the minds of the "self-made" Americans whose sole idea of a Democracy is something to give them "adequate tariff protection, plus a reasonable profit."

By combining to close their establishments, suddenly and without warning, on Sunday evenings, German-American delicatessen dealers could inaugurate an era of frightfulness which would be without parallel. Many Americans would have nothing to eat until the arrival of the baker and the milkman on Monday morning.

Feminine preparedness yesterday manifested itself in the form of coffee, piping hot, and meals for the guardsmen on duty at the various East River bridges.

— Local news note.

The home-bound Brooklynite, hungry, trolley-blocked and desperate, looks out the car window upon the horrors of war and determines to enlist.

A mysterious man was jailed for loitering near a Jersey munition plant the other day. Jailed? He should have been sent to an insane asylum—after Kingsland and Pompton.

"Americans must give up their increasing tendency to think in terms of classes, or groups, or sections."

— Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

No criticism, of course, of those who think in terms of Stand-patters.

In renouncing their allegiance to the Kaiser, applicants for American citizenship do not necessarily renounce their allegiance to God. This should be posted conspicuously in all naturalization bureaus.

A simple and effective means of repelling a foreign invader would be to put the Hon. Billy Sunday, armed with a sixteen-inch megaphone, out on the sandbar at Rockaway Point.



A few years ago, the woman who gave her infants lead soldiers at Christmas was accused of "thoughtlessly fostering the spirit of militarism." Next Christmas, she will simply be "instilling in her children the love of country." Some folks, when



"Is your foot awfully cold, gran'pa?"

asked to pick an emblem of patriotism, can get no further than the gun.

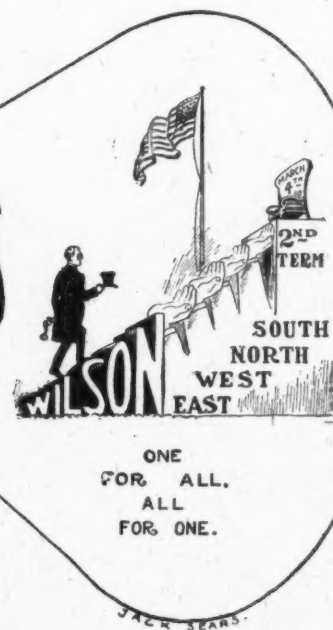
Fortunately, we have progressed a trifle since the clash with Spain. Soldiers now threatened with "embalmed beef" in their rations may successfully minimize the effects by wearing gas-masks at mess call.

Possibly, if the Metropolitan should jack up its verse rate to a thousand dollars a line, a certain virile patriot might respond with a Hymn of Hate for American use.

A prominent wholesale lace manufacturer yesterday announced that he had given instructions that all employees of the concern shall learn the words and music of the Star Spangled Banner. He urged that other employers follow his example.

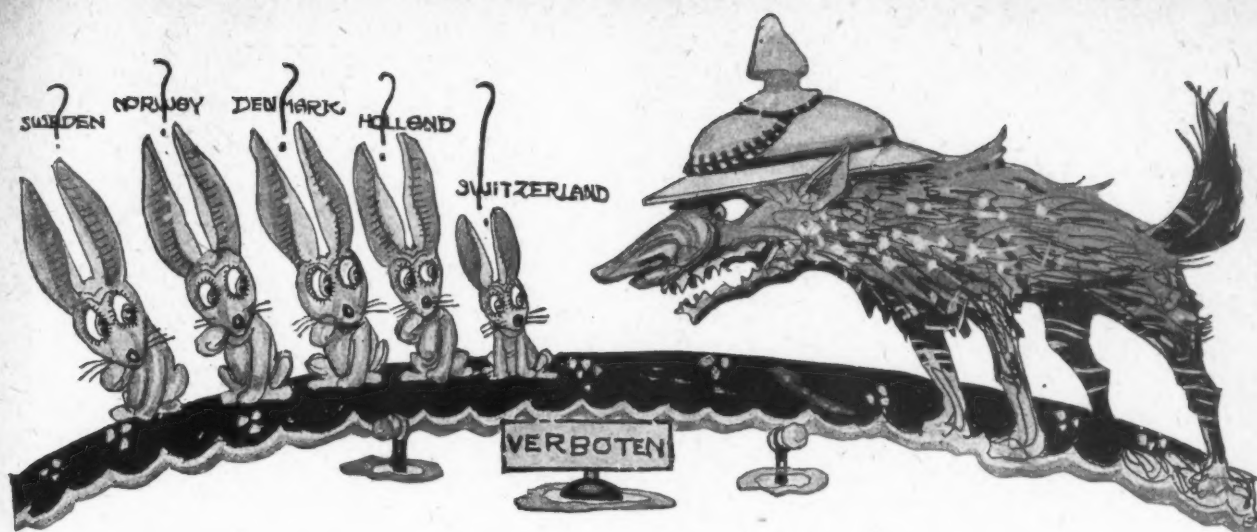
— The New York American.

Chile is preparing for an international exposition at which "all the nations of the world will be asked to exhibit their products." Better go slow. Some of the world's present products, we fear, would not be pleasant to look upon.



ONE
FOR ALL.
ALL
FOR ONE.

JACK SEARS.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON

In rather a hurry
Our aliens scurry
To make themselves citizens here,
For hyphens are fewer,
And red-white-and-blue are
The popular colors this year.

By dockside and river
Militiamen shiver
While standing on guard for a spell,
And, chilled to the gizzard,
They shout through the blizzard,
"This may not be war, but it's hell!"

Our congress is scanning
The outlook and planning
For war—if to war we must go—
By doubling expenses
And building defenses
Of pork-barrels, row upon row.

Now Wilson's completed
One term, he'll be seated
March Fourth in the president's
chair;
The times are most fateful
So let us be grateful
It's Wilson who's sitting up there.

Carranza, arising
To speak, is advising
How war's murky cloud may be
burst;
Good words, without question,
Let's take his suggestion
And try it on Mexico first.

We don't think Miss Farrar
Was greatly in error
For failing to rise to the strain
Of "Star Spangled Banner,"
We don't like the manner
That melody's cheapened for gain.



The cabarets play it
Burlesquers essay it
To win quick applause for their
"art,"
But, if you don't stand for
The air, as they planned for,
You still may be loyal, at heart.

The small neutral nations
Face tough situations
They don't like the U-boats, not
much;
They've black thoughts about
them,
But don't dare to shout them
For terror of Germany's clutch.

Poor Prussia, grown vicious
With hate, and suspicious—
Is holding Americans now
As hostages. Truly,
Such actions unruly
Are wrong—yet pathetic, somehow.

Delusions titanic
Have filled them with panic
These war lords with wrath are
aquake,—
And watching them blunder
And bluster, we wonder
When will the true Germany wake?



The Wonderful Adventure

By Samuel Hoffenstein

Three men died and came into Heaven together. One was a king whose days had been passed in court and battle and who had dreamed all his life a dream of peace and solitude. Death had taken him with his dream unfulfilled. One was a beggar who had dreamed all his life a dream of gold. Him too had Death taken with his dream upon him. The third was a poet who all his life had loved a woman who knew him not. And he too had passed into the Valley of the Shadow of Death with her image in his heart and on his unappeased lips her phantom kisses. And so they died and came into Heaven together.

And when they came into Heaven they looked about them for the place of God. And everywhere the Host of Heaven thronged about them, and the light of Heaven was in their eyes and the murmur of Heaven was in their ears. And the light of Heaven was as the light born of the love of the Sun for the Moon when they meet in the Meadow of the Twilight. And the murmur of Heaven was as the music of the running feet of the foam upon the sea. And everywhere the Host of Heaven thronged about them and knelt one by one in adoration, and their faces were glad like the face of Morning upon the Mountains.

But the hearts of the three were strange and sad in Heaven and they longed for the Place of God that they too might kneel and adore. And so they spake unto one who knelt, saying "Tell us, we pray you, where is the Place of God, that we too may kneel and adore!"

And he answered them, saying, "Behold, here is the Place of God!"

And they looked, and behold they saw only the Host of Heaven thronging about them. And they gazed at one another in wonderment.

And presently they came upon another who knelt and him too they entreated, saying, "Tell us, we pray you, where is the Place of God, that we too may kneel and adore!"

And he answered them saying, "Behold, here is the Place of God!"

And they looked again, and they saw only the Host of Heaven thronging about them. And they gazed at one another in wonderment.

And so they moved through the streets of Heaven. And presently he who had been king fell upon his knees with a great shout of joy, crying, "Kneel and adore, for behold, here is the Place of God!"

But when they too looked, they saw only him kneeling there and the Host of Heaven thronging about them. And they saw not the Place of God.

And they passed on through the streets of Heaven. And presently he who had been beggar fell upon his knees, crying, "Kneel and adore, for behold, here is the Place of God!"

But when the other looked he saw only him kneeling there and the Host of Heaven thronging about him. And he passed on alone through the streets of Heaven.

And presently he too fell upon his knees crying, "Kneel and adore, for behold, here is the Place of God!"

And the Host of Heaven thronged about him, but he heeded it not. And about him was the light of Heaven and he saw it not, and about him was the murmur of Heaven and he heard it not.

And it came to pass that the three met again in the streets of Heaven. And they spake unto him who had been king, saying, "Tell us, we pray you, why knelt you and adored, for we looked, and it was not the Place of God!"

And he answered them, saying, "There stood a tree, greener than the body of Spring when she cometh out of the womb of her Mother, the Earth. And it was in a place wider than all the width of the world and in all that place was only that one tree and I. And upon that place was the peace of the far waters of the sea that flow under the hem of the garment of the sky. And upon that place was the solitude of the one star

that moveth upon the Sea of the Twilight towards the Setting of the Sun. And I knew it was the Place of God!"

Then he that was beggar spake unto them, saying, "There arose a cloud more shining than the mist that melts upon the bosom of Morning. And in that cloud was an Image of Gold. And it was more golden than the water of all the Rivers of the Sun when they flow together in the West. And it was more golden than the sands of the desert when the noon spillet upon them its cup of fire. And I knew it was the Place of God!"

Then he that was poet spake unto them, saying, "I saw a Woman more beautiful than the love that filleth the heavens with stars, and the sea with water and the earth with men. And she was more beautiful than the first Moment of Death to the Eternity of the Dying. And she was more beautiful than the Silence that lies under the breasts of the Moon and singeth unto the soul the songs of Heaven. And she was more beautiful than the Silence of Love that forgiveth Sin and the Word of Love that consoleth Sorrow. And I knew it was the Place of God!"

And the three gazed upon one another in wonderment.

Then spake they unto him that had been king, saying, "Lead us, we pray you, unto the Place of God!"

And he led them thither, but when they came unto the place, wonder filled his eyes like a cloud and he cried out, "Lo, it is vanished!"

Then he that had been beggar spake unto them, saying, "Come with me unto the Place of God!"

And he led them thither, but when they came unto the place, wonder filled his eyes as the dusk filleth the treetops and he cried out, "Lo, it is vanished!"

Then spake he that had been poet, saying, "Come with me unto the Place of God!"

And he led them thither, but when they came unto the place wonder filled his eyes as the shadows fill the stream in the forest, and he cried out, "Lo, it is vanished!"

And they fell upon their knees and wept and their hearts were strange and sad, though they were in Heaven.

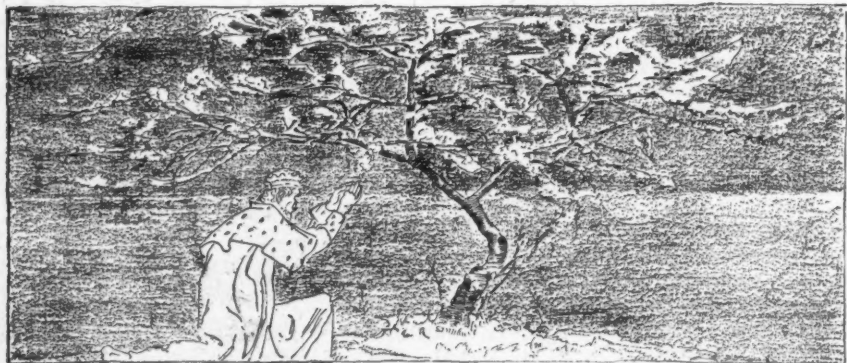
Then suddenly the three stirred in their graves.

The Way It's Said

The newly-weds were proudly proceeded by the head bell-man. "These," he announced, as he threw open the doors, "are the bridal apartments."

"Oh, what a sweet suite!" exclaimed the bride.

"I don't know nothing about that, ma'am," said the bell-man, "but the head clerk says he hopes the suite suits."



"And presently he who had been king fell upon his knees..."



WILL GILLETTE IN A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY

Miss Clare Kummer is that rarest of all rarities, a woman with a sense of humor. The fact that she once composed the lachrymously saccharine ditty known as "Dearie," in her less settled days, need not be urged against her. One lives down worse arraignments than "Dearie." We first perceived her genuinely humorous bent in the play "Good Gracious Annabelle," and now we have become perfectly convinced of her amiable intentions in the delightful little comedy "A Successful Calamity" at the Booth Theatre, easily the most agreeable comedy event of the season, and pervaded by Miss Kummer's own relative, William Gillette. Any woman whether humorous or morbid, might feel proud to furnish an incentive to action for such an eminently respectable elderly relative as Mr. Gillette.

Even in "A Successful Calamity" there are moments when Miss Kummer's spon-



HARRY MILLER IN THE GREAT DIVIDE

PLAYS & PLAYERS

BY ALAN DALE

taneous humor is clouded by the conventional dramatic frightfulness of the modern stage. In this comedy, she offers us the grewsomely ridiculous picture of the "old retainer" who when "master" is ruined in the usual stage way, says: "I have saved up a bit, sir. Take it, and use it." That is one of the dearest of stage traditions. Exactly how the stage annexed such a notion, I have never discovered. You can scour the "intelligence" offices of this land, and you will find no justification for the pretty idea.

All the "plot" of Miss Kummer's play, from the old retainer to the glass of poison that is nearly fatal, is old theatre, minus the sense of humor. However, in this case, the plot is quite negligible. The gorgeous lines scintillate uninterruptedly, and I venture to say that not a professional humorist exists, who could not sit and learn how to be funny from this comedy. As for Mr. Gillette, the play seemed to renovate him, and he was at his best. With the assistance of such clever people as Estelle Winwood, Roland Young—one of the ablest "juveniles" of to-day—William Devereux, Richard Barbee, and Richard Sterling, the success of "A Successful Calamity" was assured. Miss Kummer has wrested the humor laurels from the other sex.

Unlike Miss Kummer, the average woman loves to weep. She would buy theatre tickets at speculators' prices, for that privilege. She looks upon laughter as cheap, and rather common. For her, the boon of tears! She will go to see "Lilac Time" at the Republic Theatre, and cry her nose rosy. It is so dear and sad! Miss Jane Cowl, of the luminous orbs, is the heroine—just a simple little village maiden in Northern France, who loves an English soldier, and when he is killed, is left lamenting with a weight of woe, and one child. If she had been neatly married to him, I don't suppose that women would cry so heartily, but she was unwedded. The glorious melancholy of it!

Miss Cowl wore a French accent, and the apparel of the village, as the stage sees it. This actress is much too pretty to be genuinely emotional. Her comedy is much more plausible than her grief. That grief is accurately portrayed according to rule, and really very carefully thought out, but it does not "ring true." It is very evident acting—good acting at that, but not inspired. "Lilac Time" enclosed some rather amusing characters—soldiers and village types—and some excellent actors. These included Cecil Yapp, Michelette Burani, Henry Stephenson—who carried away most of the honors—Orme Caldara, Emile Detramont, Felix Krembs, and Louise Coleman.

In the new Morosco Theatre which threw open its doors (to "throw open doors" is



JANE COWL IN LILAC TIME

Fifth Street, there is a musical farce called "Canary Cottage." The only thing that I carried away with me from the entertainment, was one of the property oranges that the actors threw at the audience in the last act. I should have liked to have thrown a few myself, and have taken a good aim at one or two of the "performers." If actors are permitted to throw things at an audience, I think that the audience should be allowed to retaliate. And in the case of "Canary Cottage" there was splendid provocation. Herbert Corthell, and Miss Trixie Friganza, did their best to render the oranges unnecessary—at least from the part of the audience.

The prettiest musical show in New York is assuredly the Casino offering called "You're in Love." If I can get enthusiastic

(Continued to page 37)



TRIXIE FRIGANZA IN CANARY COTTAGE



VOL. LXXXI No. 2087



WEEK ENDING MARCH 8, 1917

Let There Be Light

OCCASIONALLY, it dawns upon administration critics that President Wilson is not always wrong. This concession is granted, usually, with that admirable conservatism for which the East so justly is famed; but coming from such a source, anything not a knock (the vulgarism, we trust, will be overlooked) may safely be reckoned as a flattering boost.

Actually, within the past few days, we have heard it whispered that President Wilson probably knew just what he was about when for six months he kept thousands of National Guardsmen on duty at the Mexican Border. He was criticised bitterly for keeping them there when "watchful waiting" seemed the administration's sole purpose. But now, when a blacker war cloud than Mexico's hovers over the United States, the critics find in this same Border mobilization reasons for respecting, if not for grudgingly praising, the President.

More National Guardsmen were kept on the Border than ever were necessary for mere police duty. Armory-drilled troops, a large majority of them wholly lacking in field experience, they were held at the Rio Grande and taught practical soldiering in all branches of the service for days, weeks and months. Is it not possible, the critics now ask each other, half frightened at their own daring, that President Wilson used the Mexican crisis as an excuse for mobilizing and welding into trim the basis of a dependable army, a force that could readily be reassembled in case of war with a European power; with Germany, for instance?

Is it not possible that the President looked further ahead than his critics gave him credit for looking? Six months of Mexican Border were worth six years of Plattsburg, and while the Mexican situation sizzled to the south of us, troops might be trained for the emergency of war without fear that supersensitive foreign diplomats would find the fact odd and ask questions. And yet—they might be trained.

We thank these critics of the President for thinking such thoughts aloud. It increases, as folks say, one's faith in human nature. It should please and surprise his critics to learn that they may give the President credit for wisdom and foresight on many other vital questions without material loss to their self-respect.

Dark Thoughts on Dark Ages

ACCORDING to the people who help to popularize styles in women's dress, the most fashionable lines for the coming season will be marked by a return to the medieval. Can it be that the world

is reverting to medievalism in other ways as well? The War in Europe is being fought on medieval battlefields; while its barbarity is strongly reminiscent of medievalism at its worst.

Is there a possibility that the tremendous increase which the War has brought about in the cost of necessities may result in a few persons of vast wealth and millions of penniless serfs, as in medieval days? Will the Crusades be duplicated by chivalrous but vain attempts to force peace on barbarian hordes? Can it be that the speech and the morals of polite society are gradually becoming as free as those which helped to make Rabelais famous? At a superficial glance, the outlook is dark.

Putting Something on the Hand Grenade

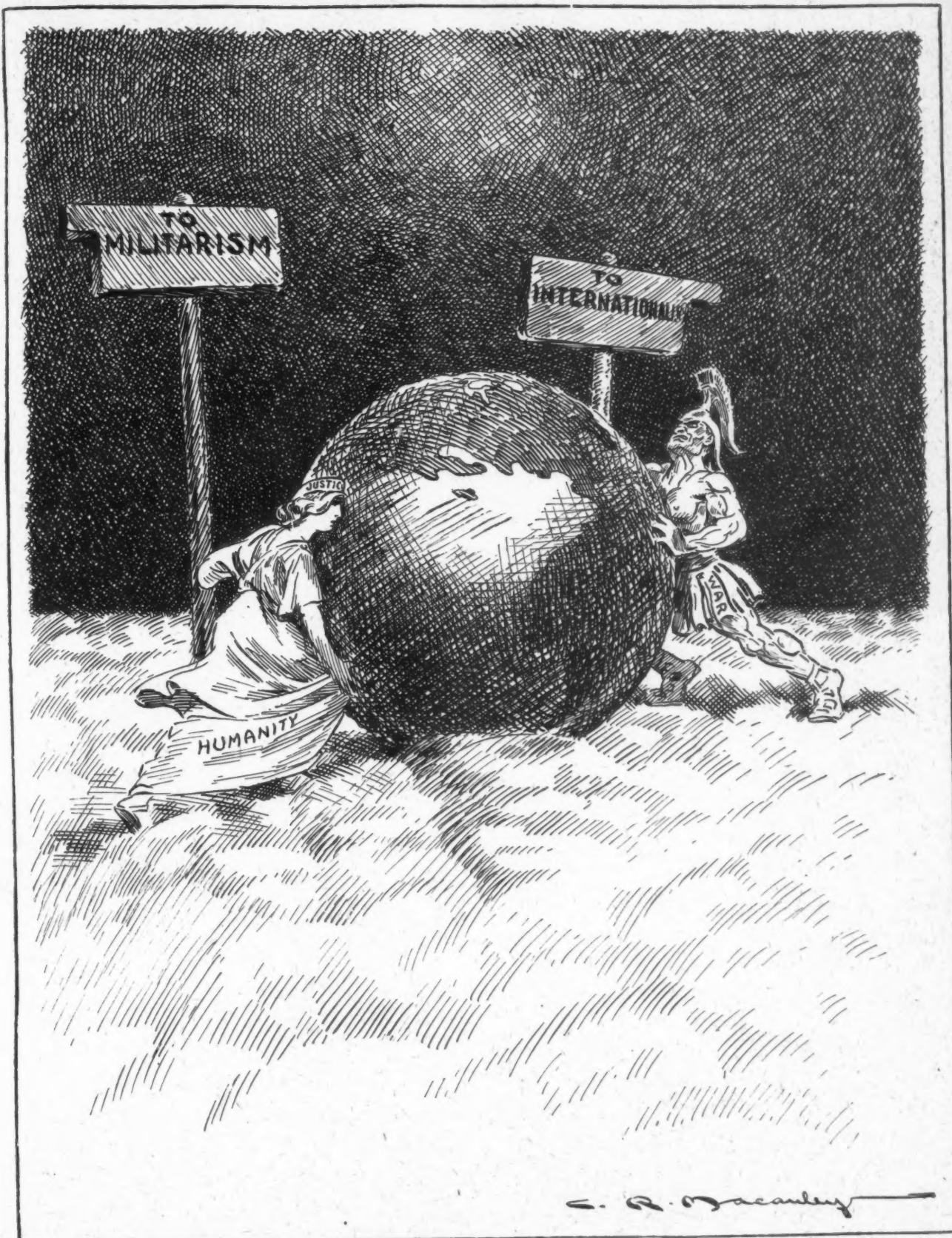
"BASE BALL is great training for trench-fighting," says Lieutenant Paul Verdier of the gallant Army of France. "The supremacy of the Base Ball player in the trenches lies in his ability to throw hand-grenades accurately, and a good pitcher would be worth his weight in radium on the Western front."

His weight in radium! We doubt it. The average big-league pitcher weighs in the neighborhood of 180 pounds, and radium is quoted at — well, let us go into the matter. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the army on the west front of Europe has exceptionally good fortune and secures the services of a prime pitcher from either the National or the American League.

It will, of course, send him to the south of France for several weeks of Spring training in a warm climate before asking him to work in a real game, against the Germans. That's mere elementary prudence. Then, more than likely, the army authorities will have to wait months instead of weeks before benefiting by his presence, as it is probable that he will turn out a hot-weather pitcher who cannot safely take his regular turn before July. That's the second thing.

Naturally, being a star man, he will not be asked to work more than two afternoons a week for fear of injury to his "salary wing," and no commanding officer, not even Joffre himself, will think of ordering him out in raw or rainy weather for the same reason. He will never be sent to the firing-line without first having a chance to warm up, and if he complains that his arm isn't right, or that he can't seem to get "the old jump on his fast one" he will not be asked to go at all, but may wash up at the club-house and take a run into Paris for a few days, lest he grow stale and lose his effectiveness.

A Base Ball pitcher worth his weight in radium? Well, perhaps; but not unless there has been a fearful slump in the radium market.



A Titanic Game

Ruck

At the Costume-Dance

By Ralph Barton



DIANA: Dear Bluebeard, I starve! Take me out to supper.

BLUEBEARD: With pleasure—but I don't think I know you.

DIANA: Of course you don't! You wouldn't take me if you did!

Fashion in the World of Thought

By Louis Weinberg

The New Nationalism

Internationalism is passé. To be heard wearing any of the phrases of the internationalists is bad form. It was a beautiful style, but as we all know a style cannot remain a style merely because it is beautiful. The intellectual man craves novelty as much as his dress-loving wife. So a new form-fitting vogue has displaced the generous raglan effect of internationalism. It is called the New Nationalism.

When internationalism came in, it seemed as though people would never grow tired of its hues. It was inexpensive except for the founders of peace societies. And it was going to end wars, to do away with the need of armies and navies, to make men brothers all in a Congress of the Nations, a Parliament of Man.

There were two variations on the model. Socialist internationalism which claimed that men were all brothers because they all bore chains. And culture internationalism which insisted that men were all becoming brothers as they learned to understand one another's religions, arts and sciences.

But during the progress of the present war, both variations died simultaneously. The Garment of Internationalism became dowdy-looking, cut too generously. It didn't seem to fit the facts. The working masses began shooting at one another, instead of at the capitalists. German lovers of Shakespeare released poison gas against the people of Shakespeare; English lovers of Wagner steered Willie tanks into the Teuton lines.

Internationalism had to be sold to the old clothes man. At once the optimistic designers of theories, undaunted by the horrors of war, snatched Beautiful Hope from the flames of battle, as a group of boys pulls roasted potatoes from a bonfire. The new Nationalist appeared. He tells us that nationalism is not a curse. It is a blessing.

Instead of wanting to see Germans, French, English, Japs think less as Germans, French, English, Japs, he wants them to be more self-consciously national. Not only this. He wants Masuria, Serbia, Roumania, Iethiania, Poland, Macedonia each to be restored to full and sovereign national power. It now turns out that there was only one cause for the war: the eagerness of each of the warring powers to give independence to the poor, suppressed, smaller subject nations.

CONVERSATION

(patterned on New Nationalism lines)

DEBUTANTE: I do hope Masuria will be liberated. Don't you?

MAN WITH ECONOMIC TURN: Masuria? Why yes. To be sure. They will then be free to work out their own industries. A suppressed nation never gets the most out of its resources.

BUSINESS MAN: No. We business men intend to unite against dealing with any

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman



We remarked to the young lady across the way that we weighed 175 pounds avoirdupois and she said she weighed 109 with all her clothes on.

but free and sovereign nations, no matter how small, unless we see a chance for one hundred percent profit. The risks are too great. Their governments are so unstable.

DEBUTANTE: How fascinating. I never thought of the new nationalism of Masuria as helping your profits. But really I was interested in their cultural expression, you see!

ART-LOVER: National culture; that's it. Why, all the ennui of the civilized people would disappear, if the subject peoples once freed, would express their joy in the arts.

Imagine Masurian novels, Masurian embroidery, Masurian drinks, Masurian drama, reaching their purest development as Holland's art did when the Dutch won freedom.

DOWDY-DRESSER: Ah, but what a shame. What is Masurian art to the loss of our great ideal. As Whistler said, "Art is not national."

THE MATRON: How could Whistler say anything like that. Our Profesor told us art is a nation's most beautiful flower.

(Continued to page 38)

Don't Worry

By Kenneth L. Roberts

I

"Martha, my pet," complained the rising young author, as he fretfully adjusted his pink pearl stickpin in his six dollar cravat and nervously threw a gold-mounted type-writer eraser at his prize wire-haired terrier, which was chewing the toes of his seventeen dollar boots in a particularly aggravating manner, "Martha, my pet, we're up against it!"

"What's the matter, Raoul?" solicitously enquired the young author's wife, caressing the string of pearls which encircled her slender neck, and temporarily desisting from the upsetting problem of whether to preface the evening meal with a canape of caviare or anchovy paste.

"Confound it!" replied Raoul, gnawing his finger nails, "I can't think of anything to write! There's the rent to pay week after next; and my tailor is howling for the \$160 I owe him for my two last suits. I want to order an automobile for this summer; and there's a payment coming due on those pearls of yours. If I can't think up something to write about, we'll be ruined!"

The young author's wife clutched her throat in alarm. "Horrors, Raoul!" she cried, "you *must* think of something. I have a new hat coming out C. O. D. next Monday. Couldn't you write a story about—about—about—oh, about love?"

Raoul turned on her with a snarl. "There you go! Love!" he cried derisively. "Anybody'd think that love was everything. Don't suggest that to me again! Give me some great, vital subject, or be quiet!"

A brooding silence fell on the young author's home, while the young author chewed, chewed angrily at a piece of dog-biscuit. At length the child-wife spoke up again. "Raoul," said she hesitatingly, "why not write an article about the necessity of not worrying. Everybody is talking that nowadays. You can treat it humorously, and it ought to be a knock-out."

"Great!" cried Raoul. "I'll do it!"

II

Five days had elapsed.

"Why," cried Raoul bitterly, "why haven't I heard from that 'Don't Worry' article? Do you suppose it reached the editor all right? I'll bet I didn't put enough stamps on it! Do you think the editor was out of town? He almost always lets me know whether he has accepted a thing inside of four days!"

"Oh dear, Raoul," replied his beautiful young wife, "do you think that it could have gone astray? Why didn't you take it around to the magazine yourself? If it is accepted, how much do you suppose we will get for it? Whom are you going to send it to if it is sent back to us? Oh dear!"

At this juncture the shrill whistle of the postman set the chandelier to jangling musically. The young author's wife hastened to the door. A moment later she danced back joyously.

"Raoul!" she cried, "Bunkum's Magazine has accepted your 'Don't Worry' article! The cheque will follow in due season, the letter says."

The young author glared moodily at the carpet. "Yes, drat 'em!" said he, "they

don't pay until publication. I wonder when they'll publish the article? Probably not for eight months yet! If we don't get our fingers on some money within two weeks, we're wrecked! I wonder if Bunkum's would stand for an advance?"

"Oh Raoul," moaned the young wife, "I wish you'd find out! See how much they are going to pay you! See if they won't print it right away! See if they wouldn't take a series of articles! See if the editor doesn't want to take you to lunch! See—"

III

The young author's wife was the centre of attraction at Mrs. Van Giltspoon's tea.

"Your husband's last article in Bunkum's Magazine," exclaimed Mrs. Silvercloth rapturously, "that one on not worrying—how ineffably sweet, how charmingly humorous, how touchingly true it was! What a calm, proud, detached spirit your husband must have!"

"Oh yes," replied the young author's wife carelessly, "Raoul, like all good authors, only writes what he feels, of course."

And the only sound that broke the resulting silence was the gurgling of the tea and the hoarse though distant laughter of the recording angel.

Railway Logic

OLD LADY—"Conductor, why did the train stop before we came to the station?"

CONDUCTOR—"Ran over a pig, ma'am."

OLD LADY—"What! Was it on the track?"

CONDUCTOR—"No—oh, no; we chased it up the embankment."

Hooked

"Circumstances over which I had no control prevented me from attending."

"That's a long name for your wife."



A Musical Attraction

— Drawn by Fred Lewis



Bachelor Breakfasts

Teach in a delightful way the time-saving convenience and strength-giving value of Grape-Nuts.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts with cream, as the cereal part of the meal (with perhaps some fruit and a cup of Instant Postum) contains all the elements of nourishment needed until lunch time.

Grape-Nuts—wonderfully delicious—has often proved more sustaining than meals requiring more time and work to prepare.

Every table should have its daily ration of

GRAPE-NUTS

"There's a Reason"



Judah P. Benjamin Addressing The U

(See Pictorial History of America,



The United States Senate in 1856

Pictorial History of America

VII

The Brains of the Confederacy

IT took about five years before the dissensions between the Northern and the Southern states of the Republic, which had been brewing for nearly half a century, culminated in the Civil War. Rupture seemed inevitable. The Abolitionists of the North waged a vigorous campaign against the slave-owners of the South. Bitter feeling was increasing, especially so in the Southern states, the people of which had been educated to believe that their state-governments were their own, and that any encroachment upon their rights to manage their domestic institutions as they saw fit was a violation of a sacred covenant, of a Bill of Rights, of the very spirit of the Constitution of the United States.

And amidst the hot discussions and impassioned speeches in the South, like a clarion call for peace and unity, came a reply to a suggestion that the Southern states withdraw from the Union:

"I hope to take no part in such scenes. I hope to assist in averting that last lamentable catastrophe to the remotest possible time, but every day I am more and more persuaded it is becoming inevitable, and unless that kind Providence which has hitherto watched over our institutions with paternal care, unless that Power which guided our fathers in the Revolution shall now guide us, to inspire us with wise counsels, breathe in us the spirit of peace and good-will and, above all, govern and guide the conduct of the people of the North, of our *sister* States, as we are still happy and proud to call them,—unless this shall be the case, good-bye to this glorious Union of States; good-bye to all hopes of the successful attempt of Mankind at self-government,—the last, the great, the decisive experiment will have failed."

These words were uttered by a man of medium height, rather pleasant and engaging in appearance, with moustache and short trimmed beard, and clever, expressive warm eyes. Calm and courteous in manner, with a voice as musical as silver bells,—he possessed a marvelous lucidity of statement and power of analysis, a minute acquaintance with every detail of facts and principles. With merciless logic exposing sophistry; in precise and guarded language charging misrepresentation, evasion, and perversions,—every sentence a rapier-thrust

bringing blood; holding auditors, friend and foe, in breathless attention,—he added a new lustre to the great Council Chamber of the Senate which for fifty years had been the theatre of oratory and statesmanship.

Such was Judah Philip Benjamin, statesman and jurist, the ablest barrister of his time in the South and one of the best orators in the world.

Judah Philip Benjamin was born of Jewish parents, Philip and Rebecca, in August 1811, at St. Thomas, in the West Indies. In 1818 the Benjamin family moved to Wilmington, North Carolina, and the seven-year old Judah was sent to the school at Fayetteville which enjoyed a well-earned reputation. In 1827 he entered Yale College and in a very short time distinguished himself, leading his class in many subjects. He was, however, compelled to leave college before the close of the Sophomore year, due to lack of funds. The Benjamins soon after moved to New Orleans, Louisiana, where Judah served as notary's clerk, taught school, meanwhile studying law, and in December, 1832, was admitted to the Louisiana bar. In 1833 he married Miss Natalie St. Martin, daughter of Auguste St. Martin and Françoise Peire.

The state of Louisiana had been purchased by the United States from the French government but a short time previous to Benjamin's admission to the bar. Its language, customs, and legal system were still largely French. Thus, the young barrister found himself under the influence of two civilizations, with the result that a broadening influence was exerted over him by his mastery of the two different law systems and literatures. And if, later in life, he displayed such an amazing, truly marvelous breadth of grasp, understanding, philosophical reasoning, and erudition—it was undoubtedly due to this civilizing influence of two cultures.

His success as a lawyer was nothing short of marvelous. His rise was unusually rapid and in a few years he acquired the reputation of being one of the ablest lawyers in the South. It was not, however, law practice and politics alone which constituted his aim in life. As soon as he saved enough capital, he purchased a sugar plantation

(Continued to page 23)

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"—THOMAS JEFFERSON

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(Continued from page 22)

near New Orleans, and became a successful sugar planter, devoting himself ardently to scientific research and endeavoring to discover the best methods for extracting saccharine matter from the cane. His articles on the manufacture and cultivation of sugar gained him considerable eminence in the sugar industry.

Being himself an owner of a considerable number of slaves, he did not fail to familiarize himself thoroughly with the conditions of slavery as they actually existed and not as they were described by the overheated utterances of some of the Abolitionist agitators in the North. Needless to say, he was a kind and considerate master, although by no means an exception among the Southern planters. "On principle, in habit, and even on grounds of self-interest, the greater part of the slave-owners were humane in the treatment of their slaves,—kind, indulgent, not over-exacting, and sincerely interested in the physical well-being of their dependents," writes an eminent Northern observer after his visit to the South in 1844. And if this was true of the majority of slave-owners, it was still more so in the case of Judah Benjamin who in treating his slaves followed to

(Continued to page 24)

Queer Fish of the Metropolis

Easy suckers	Loan sharks
Foolish lobsters	Rich old skates
Poor little shrimps	Grouchy old crabs
Big muscles	Shell games
Skins of all kinds.	

HE: (Eleven P. M. at the piano). What shall I sing next?

SHE: "Home, Sweet Home," without any variations!



Living in Hopes

Old Man: "I heard you need a watchman."

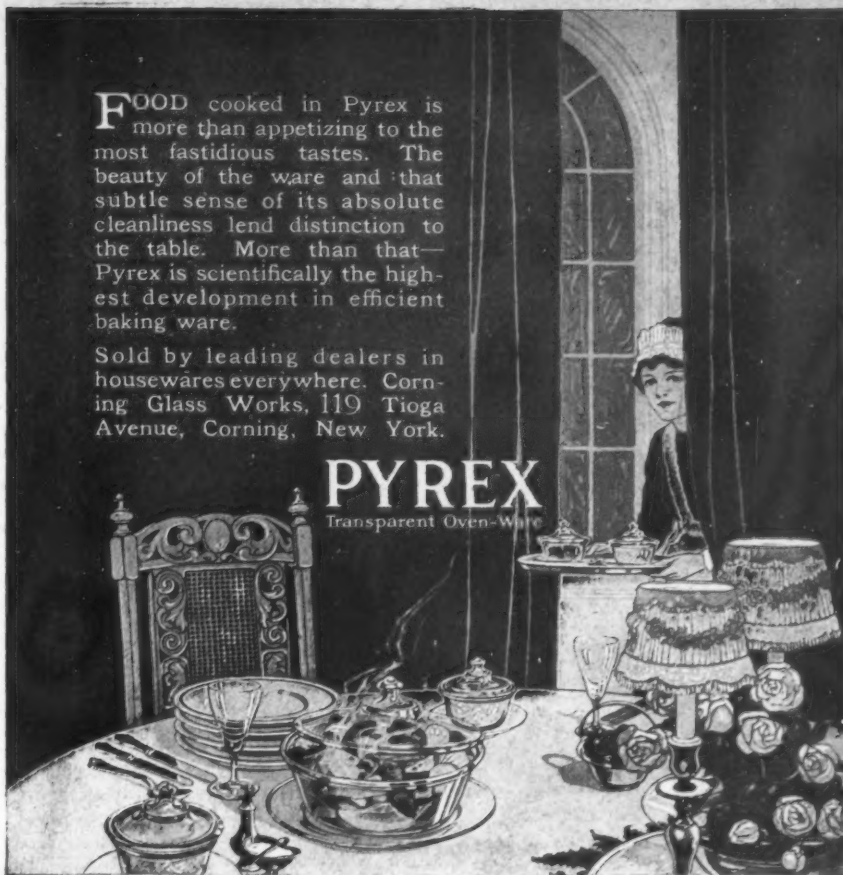
Boss: "I do, but I don't think you would like the job; I want a night watchman and I think it's too dangerous for you. How old are you?"

Old Man: "Seventy—But I don't care how dangerous it is, as long as there is a good future in it for me."

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"Standard" Pembroke Built-In Baths

meet exactly the ever-increasing demand for this modern form of bath.

Adding beauty to the home and insuring more sanitary conditions, they therefore add value.

There is a touch of real refinement about the "Pembroke"—with its perfect lines, its enameled all-over china dish appearance. It builds into walls and floor; all are a solid piece—no corners, no spaces, no cracks or crevices. Specify

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for bath, kitchen or laundry. Talk to your architect and plumber about them. Look for the Green-and-Gold label. Write for "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home—free; also new Sink booklet.

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CHICAGO.....900 S. MICHIGAN
CHICAGO.....14-30 N. PEARIA
ST. LOUIS.....100 N. FOURTH
CLEVELAND.....4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI.....633 WALNUT
TOLEDO.....311-321 ERIE
COLUMBUS.....243-255 S. THIRD
YOUNGSTOWN.....219 CHAPEL PLACE
WHEELING.....3120-30 JACOBS
ERIE.....128 W. TWELFTH
LOS ANGELES.....671 MESQUIT
LOUISVILLE.....310 W. MAIN
NASHVILLE.....315 S. TENTH
NEW ORLEANS.....846 BARONNE
HOUSTON.....PRESTON & SMITH
DALLAS.....1200-1206 JACKSON
SAN ANTONIO.....212 LOSOYA
FORT WORTH.....828-830 MONROE
TORONTO, CAN.....59 E. RICHMOND
HAMILTON, CAN.....20 W. JACKSON
SAN FRANCISCO.....149-55 BLUHOME
DETROIT OFFICE.....HAMMOND BLDG.
KANSAS CITY OFFICE.....RESERVE BANK BLDG.



PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA

(Continued from page 23)

the letter the humane precepts of the Old Testament.

In 1844 Benjamin was elected to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention of which he at once became one of the most influential and active members. His services were so satisfactory that he was elected delegate also to the next Constitutional Convention held in 1852. In 1849 he was a successful presidential elector at large for his state and cast his vote for General Taylor as president.

His hopes for a peaceful existence were not realized. His plantation was almost completely destroyed by an inundation, and he was forced to resume the practice of law. In 1848 he was admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court, and in a very short time became one of the most prominent attorneys and leaders of the Federal bar and, through this, he acquired a national reputation.

In 1856, when Douglas and Buchanan both strove to secure the presidential nomination on the Democratic ticket, Benjamin who was then serving his second term as United States Senator from Louisiana, was one of the small group of members in the Upper House of Congress who succeeded in securing the nomination of Buchanan as the more moderate candidate, popular not only in the South, but in the Northern states as well.

Benjamin enjoyed enormous influence

(Continued to page 26)

A Knock-Out

I hear Gayboy has quit calling on Miss Winsum since that titled foreigner has been paying her attention.

Yes, she seems to have put him away for the count.

The Origin of the Kiss

FIRST CLUBMAN: A Harvard professor claims that woman was the inventor of the kiss.

SECOND CLUBMAN: Let us be thankful that she didn't keep it to herself.



"What's the matter with your machine, old man?"
"I got caught in a wind storm and it blew inside out."

USWOCO FABRICS

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A PROPHECY FULFILLED

Ten years ago the scientist saw in his prophetic crystal, a *greater* motive power—a power so far superior that it would supersede all the motive forces then in general use.

He foresaw Electricity the Giant harnessed to serve every need of man.

It drives the humble but necessary knitting needle. It drives the California, impressive among super-dreadnaughts. It drives the Detroit Electric, equally impressive among motor cars.

It is the *standard* in power. It is the *smooth* power, the *clean* power, the *silent* power, the *cheap* power, the *one* power changeless in quality.

Only such a perfect power united with the finest coach-building art enables the attainment of such a car as the modern Detroit Electric—the supreme expression in motordom of all-year comfort and service.

A single charge in the batteries gives you 80 to 90 miles of trouble-free travel. Beyond charging it needs but the rarest attention. It is dependability itself—and available for service 365 days a year. Prices range from \$1775 to \$2375.

Detroit Electric

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
DETROIT
MICHIGAN



"My Check's Been Raised- And You Don't Even Know Who Cashed It?"

BANKER: Of course not. It's payable to "Bearer." Anyone could cash it.

DEPOSITOR: But I never drew a check to "Bearer" in my life.

And there you are! Somebody took this man's check, raised it to ten times the original amount, then erased the payee's name with acid and substituted the word "Bearer." It was his genuine check, with his own signature. He hadn't a chance in the world.

Protectograph Check Writer

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*Writes and Protects in Two Colors—
Amount words in Red; Denominations in
Black*

TEN DOLLARS SIX CENTS

Provides the protection that has never failed. The characters are "shredded into the paper and acid-proof ink in two colors forced through and through the shreds under pressure. (Todd Patents).

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PROTOD checks and drafts, furnished only to owners of Todd machines, are proof against substitution of names or bleaching. No forger can obtain your PROTOD check, because every sheet of PROTOD is registered, safe-guarded and executed in our own Printing Bureau.

Protectograph Check Writer to protect the amount. PROTOD Chemical-Fibre checks to prevent forgery or substitution of names and dates—that's the Todd System.

Send on your business letterhead for a "Real Life Detective Story," a book on Check Frauds by a famous detective who gives real facts and actual incidents.

Todd Protectograph Co.

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1166 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from page 24)

with the Buchanan administration until the very outbreak of the Civil War. According to Senator Vest, Benjamin never met his peer as an accomplished, well-equipped and ready debater and legislator.

Meanwhile the crisis was approaching. The tension on either side reached the climax. The curtain was about to rise on the most sanguine, yet—at the same time—most inevitable drama in American history. In vain did the best men, the lovers of peace, in the North as in the South, endeavor to avert the impending catastrophe. Benjamin's voice was one of the loudest, his speeches—the most eloquent, but all efforts were of no avail. That which peaceful discussions could not settle, that which polemics and oratory could not decide—had to be determined by fire and sword. The young Republic was destined to pay the price for its future peaceful and prosperous development.

Two elements rose in arms against each other—the Unionists whose motto was the welfare of the republic as a whole and the preservation of the Union, and the Confederates—who fought for the rights of individual states. While the best and noblest principles of the Northern cause found expression in Abraham Lincoln, the cause of the South was championed by Judah Ben-

(Continued to page 27)

The Soldier of the Shops By John G. Gartland

No laurel twines his furrowed brow,
No medals deck his breast;
No crowd's acclaim nor headlines bold
His far-flung fame attest.

He doesn't wield the dripping blade,
Nor heed the screaming fife,
But battles with a valiant heart
Upon the field of Life.

He labors 'mid the whirr and clang
Of beasts whose breath is steam,
And the serried ranks of Toil
Fulfill the Human Scheme.

He doesn't take the Crimson Road
When Mars leaps to the van,
But gives his meed of brawn and blood
As manna to the Clan.

No marble tomb enshrines his fame
In Glory's citadel;
No poet sings in martial strain
To tell of how he fell.

But when the Captain of the Race
Decrees the Grand Review,
You'll find the Soldier of the Shops
Among His retinue.



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For Every Woman!

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Average
Stout
Tall*

*Medium
Short
Full Bust
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ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

Our New
ROYAL BLUE
BOOK mailed
Free Upon
Request



*Back
Lace*

(Continued from page 26)

jamin, of whom Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court said: "Benjamin was called 'The Brains of the Confederacy,' and in acuteness of intellect he probably surpassed most men of his time."

Prof. James Schouler in his "History of the United States" says of Benjamin: "Contemporaries had said at the outset that Toombs was the brains of the Confederacy, but that title, as events developed, belonged rather to Attorney-General Benjamin, the ablest, most versatile and most constant of all Davis' civil counsellors, who acted as Secretary of War after Walker's retirement in September, 1861, and was then installed Secretary of State by the following March, to remain Premier until the bitter end, sanguine and serene in bearing, through all mutations of fortune and misfortune."

Although elected as early as 1852 to the United States Senate where, according to J. L. M. Curry, he could fitly be compared with Wirt, Pinkney, Carter, and Choate, and offered the Attorney-Generalship of the United States by one president and the position of Associate Justice of the Federal Supreme Court by another—Benjamin declined the honor, and it was not before he felt that the Confederacy needed him that he gave up all his other occupations and devoted himself entirely to the Cause which he held to be one of Right and Justice.

(Continued to page 28)

Newspaperisms

Prominent clubman.

Petite blonde.

According to.

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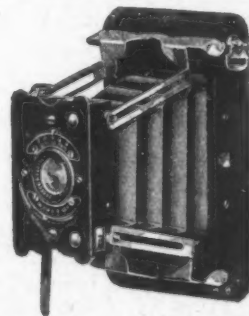
"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston! So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"
—AMBROSE PEALE

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LISLE 25 CENTS
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Quakers are adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, but are built to give double this service. Yet Quaker Tires are sold at money-saving prices. Have a talk with your Quaker dealer.



Quaker City
Rubber Co.
Philadelphia

(Continued from page 27)

As soon as the organization of the Confederate government was effected, President Jefferson Davis at once invited Judah Benjamin to become a member of his Cabinet. Benjamin accepted and was given the portfolio of Attorney-General in February, 1861, a week before Lincoln's inauguration in Washington. In September, 1861, the position of Acting Secretary of War was added to his duties, and in November, 1861, he became Secretary of War after his resignation from the Attorney-Generalship.

Benjamin met with severe criticism during his incumbency as Secretary of War, especially so for his conduct of the Campaign around Roanoke Island in 1862. Nevertheless, President Davis never for a moment lost confidence in him, and although compelled to relieve him of the War Portfolio as a result of the findings of a Congressional Investigation Committee, promoted him in March, 1862, to the post of Secretary of State. Benjamin retained the new position until the very collapse of the Confederacy after the battle of Appomattox in April, 1865.

The seeming enigma of Davis' confidence in Benjamin, in spite of his unpopularity as Secretary of War, is easily explained by the following fact which goes to show the calibre of man Benjamin was, as well as his courage and stoicism. While the Congressional Committee was conducting its investiga-

(Continued to page 30)

The Third Party in Pathos

"Why is it," asked the Youthful Groper, "that there must always be a third party in any pathos that is worthy of the name?"

"Third party?" queried the Oracle. "What do you mean?"

"You have observed no doubt that when we hear of an accident happening to a man or woman, it is not likely to move us much. But the minute we are reminded that the man was somebody's son, or that the woman was somebody's daughter, we commence to grow weepy. Now why is it? We knew, of course, without being reminded, that everybody is somebody's offspring. We act in the same way when reminded that a certain unfortunate person is somebody's darling or somebody's mother or somebody's father. Can you tell me why it is?"

"I could tell you, my son," responded the Oracle, "but you probably would not understand it. Words move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. Their power is well nigh inscrutable except to a few insiders like myself."

E. O. J.

A Cautious Critic

ASPIRING AUTHOR: Candidly, now what do you think of my new story?

THE CRITIC: Please don't ask me. You are so much bigger and stronger than I am.



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Buffalo Specialty Company

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U.S.A. Canada

(Continued from page 28)

tion into the affairs of the War Department, Benjamin never came out with a vindication of his activity. It was only decades after the event that he, in a private letter to a friend, disclosed the true reason for his apparently strange conduct: he knew very well that he could not justify his actions before the committee without betraying the scarcity of ammunition which was one of the greatest handicaps of the Confederate forces. He knew that had this fact been spread broadcast it would have undoubtedly reached the enemy and would have had a disastrous effect upon the morale of the Southern troops. Therefore, with President Davis' consent, Benjamin decided to sacrifice his own reputation, and withheld the evidence which, while clearing him in the eyes of the public, might have injured the Confederate Cause.

This is not the only instance of his self-abnegation and extreme caution in every case where the interests of the country or of his associates were at stake. Thus, for instance, before the Confederate Cabinet left Richmond in April, 1865, he destroyed practically all the secret service papers of the Confederacy. Who knows how many active participants in the conflict on the side of the Confederacy were saved by this act from subsequent compromise and humiliation? To similar reasons must also be ascribed the fact that Benjamin was always averse to the preparation of

(Continued to page 31)

His Fidelity

Upon the recent death in a Western town of a politician, who, at one time, served his country in a very high legislative place, a number of newspaper men were collaborating in an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former Senator?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"

Going Deeper

Smithers had been "lifting" the earth all round the course, a fact which, of course, his keen-eyed caddie had not failed to observe.

Finally the youngster said: "You are a stranger in these parts, sir?"

"Not exactly. I was born here, and all my folks are buried hereabouts."

Then, as the golfer listed another piece of earth with his driver, the caddie added:

"I don't think, sir, you'll get deep enough with your driver; you'd better take your iron."

Puzzling Prayers

By Arthur Brooks Baker

Some people say they find the world
monotonously tough,
That it is not embellished with variety
enough.

The same old sun arises in the same
old eastern height;
The same old set of stars comes out
to twinkle every night;
A fellow has to gaze upon the same
old gang of friends
Pursuing, in the same old way, the
same old empty ends.

Some other people kick and carp,
recalcitrate and rip
Because the world keeps changing at
a mystifying clip.
The seasons romp, the weather flops,
the neighbors come and go;
The scheme of life is very like a
flitting movie show—
We scarcely see a single scene before
it flutters on,
And ere we learn the hero's name
the film is run and gone.

It must be quite confusing at the
Offices Upstairs,
Where conscientious managers must
entertain our prayers,
When some of us vociferously ask
and advocate
For certain vital changes at a very
early date,
While others of us eloquently suppli-
cate and sing
For just the very opposite, antagonis-
tic thing.

The Wise Mother

THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD: Do men ever go to heaven?

THE MOTHER: Why, of course, my dear. Why do you ask such a question?

THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD: Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers.

THE MOTHER: Well, some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave.

What Else?

LERRET: "You don't mean to tell me that Morebrain, the prodigy who won his Ph.D. at sixteen, has turned out to be an utter fool?"

YADILLOH: "Well, he says that everywhere he goes pretty girls want to kiss him, and he won't let them."

(Continued from page 30)

his biography. He could not but know that the numerous secrets and confidences of his clients, accumulated during the many years of legal practice, must not be disclosed even partially, and what is a lawyer's biography if it does not tell in detail of endeavors in his profession?

No wonder, therefore, that he was Davis' most intimate, most confidential and most influential adviser and that he was constantly referred to, by friend and enemy alike, as "The Brains of the Confederacy."

Judah Benjamin's services to the Confederacy were many and varied, but his most important and successful labors were those in connection with the diplomatic activities of the newly-formed Union of Southern States.

What the Confederacy needed most was European intervention and recognition as an independent republic, and if it came very near securing both it was due to the unremitting efforts of Benjamin as Secretary of State.

The Confederacy depended in large measure also on financial assistance. Loans could be negotiated and obtained only abroad; this practically meant England and France. Also, the construction of a navy to ward off the danger of the blockade of Confederate ports by the Union fleet was to a great degree dependent upon success in diplomatic negotiations with the governments of England and France.

(Continued to page 32)

What the Other Women Are Wearing

The wife of a Kansas farmer, during a shortage of labor, put on some ancient garments and helped her husband with the crops. When they had been harvested, the farmer gave her a cheque for the entire profits on the wheat, which had brought \$1.50 a bushel. "Take this," he said, "and get yourself some decent clothes." "Not on your life!" the farmer's wife is reported to have said as she accepted the cheque, "I'm going to buy the kind the other women are wearing!"

This is more in the nature of a *bon mot* than a great truth. It is misleading in that a blind man, on hearing it, would at once picture a nation of women clad in immodest, not to say indecent, garments. This picture would be erroneous. Quite a large number of American women have too much taste to wear immodest garments. True, there are many who do; but of course, they are always "the other women."

Force of Habit

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: In what department did you place the new arrival?

ASSISTANT: That janitor? I set him to work at a furnace.

H. S. M.: Take him off at once, or he'll be turning off the heat.



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(Continued from page 31)

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as ever graced the choicest and most expensive fabric from the far east.



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A learned statesman, experienced economist and shrewd lawyer and diplomat, Benjamin based his policy with regard to England on his firm belief in the effectiveness of the cotton formula: "*Cotton is King.*" He knew full well that the shortage of cotton would have a very harmful effect on the welfare of England, and based his diplomatic negotiations on the cotton famine in the British Empire. That he was right in his judgment is best borne out by the fact that in many a section of England actual starvation, due to the letting-up in the cotton industry, was narrowly avoided. The problem, as presented by Benjamin for England's solution, was as simple as it was effective. England needed cotton. The blockade during the war prevented her from getting it. Consequently the only way out was for England to intervene on behalf of the Confederacy. There was hardly a statesman in England of those who guided the destiny of the country who disagreed with Benjamin in his contentions, and it was for sentimental reasons alone, in fact, due to the personal interference of the English King himself, that the British Cabinet was induced to deny open aid to the Confederates.

As for France, Benjamin availed himself of his personal acquaintance with Emperor Napoleon III with whom, a few years previous to the outbreak of hostilities between the two sections of the United States, he had a very suggestive interview concerning the possibility of France's intervention on the side of the Southern states in case of a conflict. France, however, for political and other reasons, followed the lead of England and remained neutral. One of the reasons was that, although an empire, the country or at least its government considered it dangerous to side with the Confederate States where slavery was an institution.

This became especially true after the issue of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and there is no doubt that the ultimate failure of Benjamin's negotiations to obtain French intervention was due to the high principles of liberty and equality proclaimed in Lincoln's great humanitarian document.

Benjamin was more successful in his endeavors to obtain war loans for his government. His close social and personal connections with the Erlanger family, the famous Jewish bankers of Paris, played a very important part in the success which crowned his negotiations for financial assistance. The Erlanger loans formed the most important sources of supply of the Confederacy with the article which Napoleon I had termed as the most essential item of modern warfare—money.

During 1863 Benjamin exchanged correspondence with the Pope, in order to secure Papal intervention on behalf



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Adjustable drawer bands on all except \$1.25 grade.

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Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	1.75
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread)	2.00
Natural Gray Wool, light weight	1.25
Natural Gray Worsted, light weight	1.75
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight	2.00
Natural Gray Worsted, medium weight	2.00
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, winter weight	2.50

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JOSEPH BURNETT CO.

36 India St., Boston, Mass.

of the Confederacy and also to win Catholic support for the Southern cause both in Europe and America.

It would take too long to enumerate all the services rendered by Benjamin to the Confederacy.

Throughout the four years of its existence, he was the most potent and influential adviser of President Jefferson Davis, in civil as well as in military affairs.

"In one respect he was the most remarkable man I have ever known," Senator Vest says of him: "He was capable of performing the intellectual labor of a dozen ordinary men, and told me once that he had never known what it was to be fatigued by professional or official duties."

This opinion is also corroborated by J. L. M. Curry in his "Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States" which says: "With much perseverance and readiness and physical endurance, after sitting up all night, Benjamin was first the next morning for argument in Court, or Senate, or for diplomatic labors. With the versatility of a self-originating intellect, a retentive memory, command of immense resources, strongest conviction of the rightfulness of the Confederate Cause, he managed matters committed to his hands, when the house was tumbling about his ears, with the cheerful courage and hopefulness that made him a wonder and a stimulating example in times of adversity and peril."

And when finally the hours of the Confederacy were numbered and the cause irretrievably lost, Benjamin preserved his courage and cheerfulness with the fortitude of a true hero. Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary of President Davis, points out the presence of mind and even mirth Benjamin displayed in the hours of despair when capture by the Union forces and probably ignominious death seemed imminent for both Davis and himself. "So long as he remained with us" writes Colonel Harrison, "his cheery good humor and readiness to adapt himself to the requirements of the emergencies made him a most agreeable companion."

On May 11, 1865, a month after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, President Davis was captured by the Union forces and imprisoned. Benjamin was one of the few members of the Confederate government who succeeded in escaping. He went first to Florida and finally to England where he landed in September of the same year.

Thus, after a four years fratricidal war, the curtain fell on one of the greatest tragedies of modern history and, in the words of President Wilson, "the national spirit was aroused, and conscious now at last of its strength. The stage

(Continued to page 34)



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(Continued from page 33)



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In two years' nursing your baby will feed from a bottle 5,000 times. Suppose the bottle is clean 4,901 times. Do you want your baby to run the risk of germs those other 99 times? The Hygeia can be cleaned *clean* every time. You can trust a servant to care for the Hygeia bottle.

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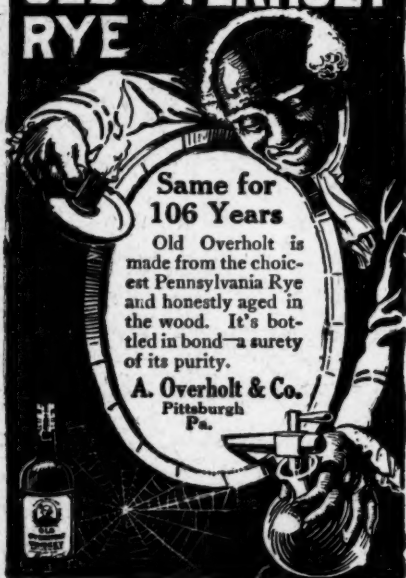
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was cleared for the creation of a new nation."

The curtain fell, but not on the life of the Secretary of State of the Confederacy. Judah Benjamin began life anew in England. Shortly after his arrival to the United Kingdom he was admitted to the English bar, and in 1868 published his famous work "The Law of Sale of Personal Property" which immediately achieved a remarkable success on both sides of the Atlantic. The work is considered to this day as the most authoritative and substantial legal text-book on the subject of sales. His success as an English barrister was as great if not greater than his legal career in America. His income had soon grown to the sum of two hundred thousand dollars and more per year. He was also, for a brief interval, editor of the London "Daily Telegraph" and as such distinguished himself in connection with his articles on colonial matters.

On the occasion of his retirement from the bar in December, 1882, a farewell dinner was given in his honor by the members of the legal profession in England, Attorney-General, Sir Henry James presiding. This confirmed once more what had been generally recognized in England for a few years previous to Benjamin's retirement, namely, that he was the unquestioned leader of the British bar.

He died at Paris on May 6, 1884, his wife and daughter surviving him.

That his Jewish origin stood him in good stead throughout his checkered career was duly taken notice of in the London Times obituary: "His inheritance of that elastic resistance to evil fortune which preserved Mr. Benjamin's ancestors through a succession of exiles and plunderings, reappeared in the Minister of the Confederate Cause, together with the same refined apprehension of logical problems which form the subtleties of the Talmud."

The Northern states found their best representative in the person of Abraham Lincoln who was destined to achieve triumph for the cause of unity and freedom; the "Lost Cause" may claim a worthy place for its staunch champion, Judah Philip Benjamin, "the brains of the Confederacy."

The Reasons Men Fail

Egotism	Feminine traits
Girls	Girls
Competition	Wives
Girls	Girls
Themselves	Girls

Cautious

"Biggley must be ashamed of his baldness. He keeps his hat on constantly."

"It isn't that. He's afraid some student of phrenology might be around."

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America's Cleverest Weekly

Puck

Madison Square New York

IN EVERY KEY

By Benjamin De Casseres

WAR AND CULTURE

When two ideas become associated for centuries in the human brain it is as hard to dissociate them as to pry apart two atoms. This association—such as pleasure and quiet, women and evil, money and happiness—is hereditary. One of these associations is that war and culture are opposites, that militarism and art are antithetical and cannot exist side by side.

Where is the proof that war and culture are mutually destructive? Europe has been a battlefield from time immemorial. It is literally true that for thousands of years it has, from London to Constantinople, been a shambles. Yet Europe is the mother and keeper of Occidental culture. The arts and sciences have flourished side by side with the sword—have even been nourished by the sword and the gun.

In the United States, where there is practically no native art-culture worthy of the name, life has flowed along, in the main, peaceably. Here peace and artistic sterility go hand in hand.

When the Asiatic nations gave up warring upon one another arts and letters died out or became imitative.

It would seem that culture is founded, like everything else in this not too perfect planet, on blood. War rejuvenates, stings life to the quick, fires the imaginations of latent sensibilities, and is the very seed of Homers, Raphaels, Hugos and Wagners, none of whom were pacifists.

The Big Smear

"That great smear of blood on the palputating light of the Earth just now," said Professor Ixl, of the University of Vlfete, Mars, addressing his pupils, "is the red corpuscle of race-hatred warmed into dazzling effulgence by diplomacy and professional patriotism. It is composed of fifty per cent superstition and fifty per cent pure knavery. We know what the spot means and what its ingredients are because we Martians know what we have had to pass through ourselves. Something extraordinary and terrible must be going on down there to produce that smear on the sunlight. It is probably a racial massacre or a series of such."

But, dear Professor, superstition and knavery are immortal Down Here, no matter the present state of Mars maybe.

There are two kinds of idealists—dynamic and static; and as dynamic forces are positive and static forces are negative, the name of Joan of Arc will outlast that of Tolstoi the prophet and Don Quixote will still be in his gay youth when Parsifal is dust. (Anyhow, what is a "static force?")

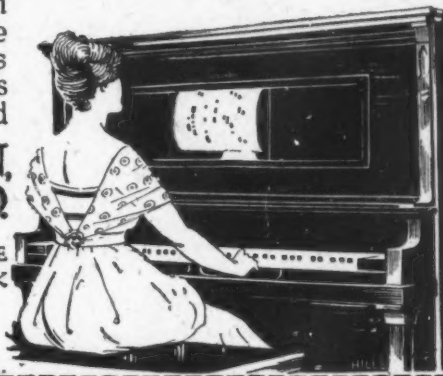
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"BUBBLE, BUBBLE—"

By Elias Lieberman

Examinations

In China long ago, men who had grown old in their futile efforts to pass civil service tests used to die in the examination booths; in our country to-day, some men die from the eyebrows up the moment they begin service. Acute paralysis of vital cerebral parts sets in; the higher mental processes are arrested and only animal and vegetable functions remain. Since it seldom interferes with promotion this condition is not viewed with alarm by incumbents.

Examinations are very useful in showing a person how little he knows about any given subject; for example, the Pliocene Age, Feminine Psychology or Permutations and Combinations. Sometimes the examiner himself rejoices in the happy thought that he is not expected to pass his own searching interrogatories. If he only looks learned enough when on public exhibition and keeps his mouth shut, he can easily maintain a creditable reputation for scholarship.

Although this is an age of examinations, the principle is not carried far enough. Young women who intend to be married ought to pass a satisfactory test in the three S's: soup, sewing and silence—and the greatest of these is—suffering husbands can tell us. The first will keep her faithful spouse from starvation, the second will present him before mankind with no buttons missing and the third will give him blessed oases of contemplation in the desert of commentary. Hubby, in turn, should measure up to at least sixty per cent on applied courtesy in answering irrelevant or suspicious questions, in gurgling infant prattle ad lib. and ad feminam; in matching ribbons at bargain counters and in hooking up dresses without saying anything out loud.

Assuming that one hundred per cent stands for absolute perfection, how many of us could pass? As it is we have to crib shamelessly from the thoughts and opinions of others in order to be rated solvent. We manage to get along somehow by violating the injunction of the most hen-pecked cross-examiner that ever lived, Socrates. In between his bouts with Xantippe, while a favorite pupil would be applying something soothing to the philosopher's eye, the great man used to mutter: "Kid not thyself, brother." If we did not—where would diplomacy be and civilization?

Familiar Types: The Subway Guard

His principal vocation
To which the pub is hep
Is calling out a station
With credit to his rep
For nice enunciation:
Bow-wow-wow-watcherstep!

Poet (rapturously): I shall love you forever and a day.

Blasé Stenog: And the rest of the time?

Doctor Fu-Manchu Again

At the stroke of midnight, Dr. Petrie was spirited away across London into the presence of the mysterious Mandarin, Ki-Ming. Two hours later, under a strange influence, he fired his automatic—then Nayland Smith, the famous detective, told him what had happened. This new Si-Fan mystery story, "Ki-Ming", will appear in the March 3rd issue of

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Confidential Guide to the Theatres

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

over any sample of that form of entertainment, be certain that it has something in it. As a rule, I would sooner parade Broadway, and enjoy the illuminated advertising signs, than wallow in the musical show. In the Casino piece, however, everything is so bright, so fresh, so good-humored, and pleasant, that only a confirmed "grouch" could object. And that most contemptible being, I am not.

"You're in Love" has novel conceits, admirably catchy music by Rudolph Friml, and a lively "book" by Edward Clark and Otto Hauerbach. Then it contains shoals of pretty girls, and innocuous men. Even when Miss Marie Flynn is swung over the audience on a pole, and a "gentleman" in the orchestra removes her shoe, one's sense of propriety is not alarmingly ravished. Later on, of course, there may be a mad scramble for that particular seat, but until that happens, we need utter no protest. Arthur Hammerstein surely has a "winner" in "You're in Love" and the enterprising Oscar himself, could have done no better. That admirable comedy "old woman" Miss Florine Arnold, was so droll, and legitimate, that she was largely responsible for many of the pleasant features of the production.

"Your If is the only peacemaker, much virtue in it" said Mr. William Shakespeare. If Mr. Shakespeare had seen the particular "If" at the Fulton Theatre he might have revised the aforesaid remark. The thing that interested me intensely was the peculiar brand of logic that prompted the production of such a play at this historical moment. As though we hadn't troubles enough of our own without worrying about the imaginary woes of Mr. Mark Swann, and his Japanese invasion!

The object of "If" was to scare us into the belief that we were in tremendous danger from Japan, and that nothing but immediate preparation could save us from the worst. Mr. Swann outdid the Grand Guignol in his imaginary horrors. Most of the members of the cast were killed, blinded, wounded, or sent stark, staring made when the Japanese took possession of America. Only the audience appeared to be left—and sadly left, as far as amusement was concerned. And when it was all over, and we learned that it was a "dream" we felt sorry that Mr. Swann had not discovered the secret of perpetual insomnia.

HOT WORDS

FIRST DEAF MUTE—"Was he very angry?"
SECOND DEAF MUTE—"He was so wild that the words he used almost blistered his fingers."

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Fashion in the World of Thought

(Continued from page 17)

Each nation is a flower bush and produces its own kind, if it gets a chance. Would you want to see only one kind of flower in the world, a cosmopolitan blend of all of the arts.

THE CYNICAL MODERN: I wonder whether the new nations would give us thorns as well as flowers; isms as well as art, for I suppose the isms which one can't understand are the thorns growing on the national flower bush.

TOURIST: The isms are interesting, even if one can't understand them. I am so glad the war saved Europe from becoming one country. How monotonous it would have made traveling if the world had been internationalized. Imagine every city in Europe becoming just like New York. I'd stay home.

BUSINESS MAN: I'll go abroad after the war and visit none but the freed subject peoples. I'll wager I come back with a line of novelties. Serbian sedans, Balkan bells, Masurian missals, etc. What would happen to business if this war hadn't saved us from the internationalists.

POET: If only we could after the war lock up each nation within its own walls for a hundred years, what a pure set of cultures, the new nationalism could produce.

Embroidered Phrases for Occasions:

1. Don't you think that America is in a sense a subject nation and ought to be set free—by the Parisian designers. Wouldn't it be interesting?

2. Isn't it thrilling to see Poland freed. The Polish fluidity of temperament ought to give us a wonderful art expression, so subtly dynamic.

More Overworked Phrases

THE DENTIST: "Your teeth are in awful shape."

THE GROCER: "Yes, ma'am, the price has gone up."

"It's twins."

"Will you marry me?"

"Hold up your hands."

"You're fired."

"Wrong number."

He Had His Doubts

Well Mike, have ye heard what they are going to do with Barney Flannigan?

"Indade I have," responded Mike.

"They're going to imprison him for life. But I'm afraid the poor sowl won't live half that time!"

Doubtful Assistance

EDITOR: George Bump, the merchant, is dead, and I want you to write up an obituary, telling what a fine fellow and what a successful business man he was.

NEW ASSISTANT: Sure, I'll boost his game, but I don't see what good it's going to do



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white clothes
are expensive—**

white shoes, white spats, white gloves, white veils, white felt hats—because it costs so much to have them cleaned.

Not so—

A little

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To join the party, it is necessary only to leave ten cents with your favorite newsdealer and tell him that you want him to reserve for you a copy of the

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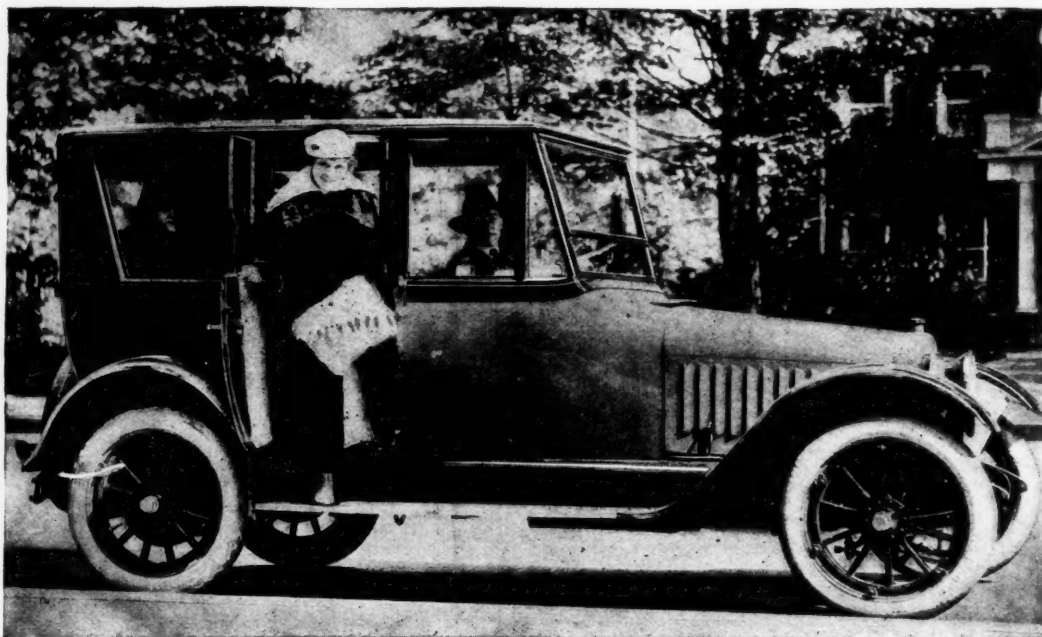
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